

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a yester.

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperour

To treat of high affaires touching that time:

Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King,

And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;

Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:

But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores

Betweene my father, and my mother lay,

As I haue heard my father speake him selfe

When this same lusty gentleman was got:

Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me, and tooke it on his death

That this my mothers sonne was none of his;

And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weekes before the course of time:

Then good my Liedege let me haue what is mine,

My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,

Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:

And if she did play false, the fault was hers,

Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother

Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,

Insouth, good friend, your father might haue kept

This Calf, bred from his Cow from all the world:

Insouth he might: then if he were my brothers,

My brother might not claime him, nor your father

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,

My mothers sonne did get your fathers heire,

Your fathers heire must haue your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,

To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,

Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,

Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Bas. Madam, and if my brother had my shape

And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,

And if my legs were two such riding rods,

My armes, such eele-skins stuf, my face so thin,

That in mine care I durst not sticke a rofe,

Left men should say, looke where three farthings goes,

And to his shape were heire to all this land,

Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,

I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:

It would not be sir *Roberts* in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?

I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bas. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my channes

Your face hath got five hundred pound a yere,

Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:

Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Bas. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bas. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun.

Philip. good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.

K. John. From henceforth beare his name

Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,

Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bas. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,

My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:

Now blessed be the houre by night or day

When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:

I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bas. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho?

Something about a little from the right,

In at the window, or else ore the hatch:

Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,

And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:

Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,

And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,

A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:

Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed

For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bas. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,

For thou wast got'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but Bas.

Bas. A foot of Honor better then I was,

But many a many foot of Land the worse,

Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,

Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamerce fellow,

And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*:

For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable

For your conuersion, now your traueler,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,

And when my knightly stomacke is fustid,

Why then I lücke my teeth, and catechize

My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

I shal beseech you; that is question now,

And then comes answer like an *Absey* booke:

O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,

At your employment, at your seruice sir:

No sir, sayes question, I sweet sir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,

Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the *Alpes* and *Appenines*,

The *Perennean* and the riuer *Poe*,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smooke of obseruation,

And so am I whether I smacke or no:

And not alone in habit and deuice,

Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer

Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to decciue,

Yet to auoid decciue I meane to learne;

For it shal strew the footsteps of my rising:

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe.

Bas. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* sonne:

Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,

Is it Sir *Roberts* sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,

Sir *Roberts* sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir *Robert*?

He is Sir *Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.

Bas. *James Gurney*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?

Gur. Good leaue good *Philip*.

Bas. *Philip*, sparrow, *James*,

There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne,

Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me

Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:

Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse

Could get me sir *Robert* could not doe it;

We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother

To whom am I beholding for these limmes?

Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?

What means this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?

Bas. Knight, knight good mother, *Basilio*-like:

What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:

But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne,

I haue disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,

Legittimation, name, and all is gone;

Then good my mother, let me know my father,

Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?

Bas. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy father,

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:

Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,

That art the issue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.

Bas. Now by this light were I to get againe,

Madam I would not wish a better father:

Some sinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,

And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Subiected tribute to commanding loue,

Against whose furie and vnmatched force,

The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:

He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,

May easily winne a womans ayme my mother,

With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:

Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.

Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,

And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,

If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had bene sinne;

Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say 'twas not.

Exeunt.

Enter before Angiers, Philip K

phim, Austria, Constance, A

Lewis. Before *Angiers* we

Arthur that great fore-runner

Richard that rob'd the Lion of

And fought the holy Warres in

By this braue Duke came early

And for amends to his posterity

At our importance hether is he

To spread his colours boy, in

And to rebuke the vsurpation

Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, Eng

Embrace him, loue him, giue

Arth. God shall forgie y

The rather, that you giue his

Shadowing their right vnder y

I giue you welcome with a po

But with a heart full of vnstain

Welcome before the gates of

Lewis. A noble boy, who w

Arth. Vpon thy cheek lay

As seale to this indenture of

That to my home I will no mo

Till *Angiers*, and the right tho

Together with that pale, that

Whose foot spurnes backe the

And coopes from other lands i

Euen till that *England* hedg'd i

That Water-walled Bulwark

And confident from forreine p

Euen till that vntoost corner of

Salute thee for her King, till th

Will I not thinke of home, bu

Const. O rake his mothers

Till your strong hand shall hel

To make a more requital to y

Arth. The peace of heauen

In such a iust and charitable w

King. Well, then to work

Against the browes of this rel

Call for our cheefest men of d

To cull the plots of best aduan

Wee'll lay before this towne

Wade to the market-place in

But we will make it subject to

Con. Stay for an answer to

Left vnaduis'd you staine you

My Lord *Chastillon* may fron

That right in peace which he

And then we shall repent eac

That hot rash haste so indirc

Enter Chas

King. A wonder Lady: lo

Our Messenger *Chastillon* is

What *England* saies, say bree

We coldly pause for thee, *Ch*

Chas. Then turne your fo

And stirre them vp against a

England impatient of your iu

Hath put himselfe in Armes,